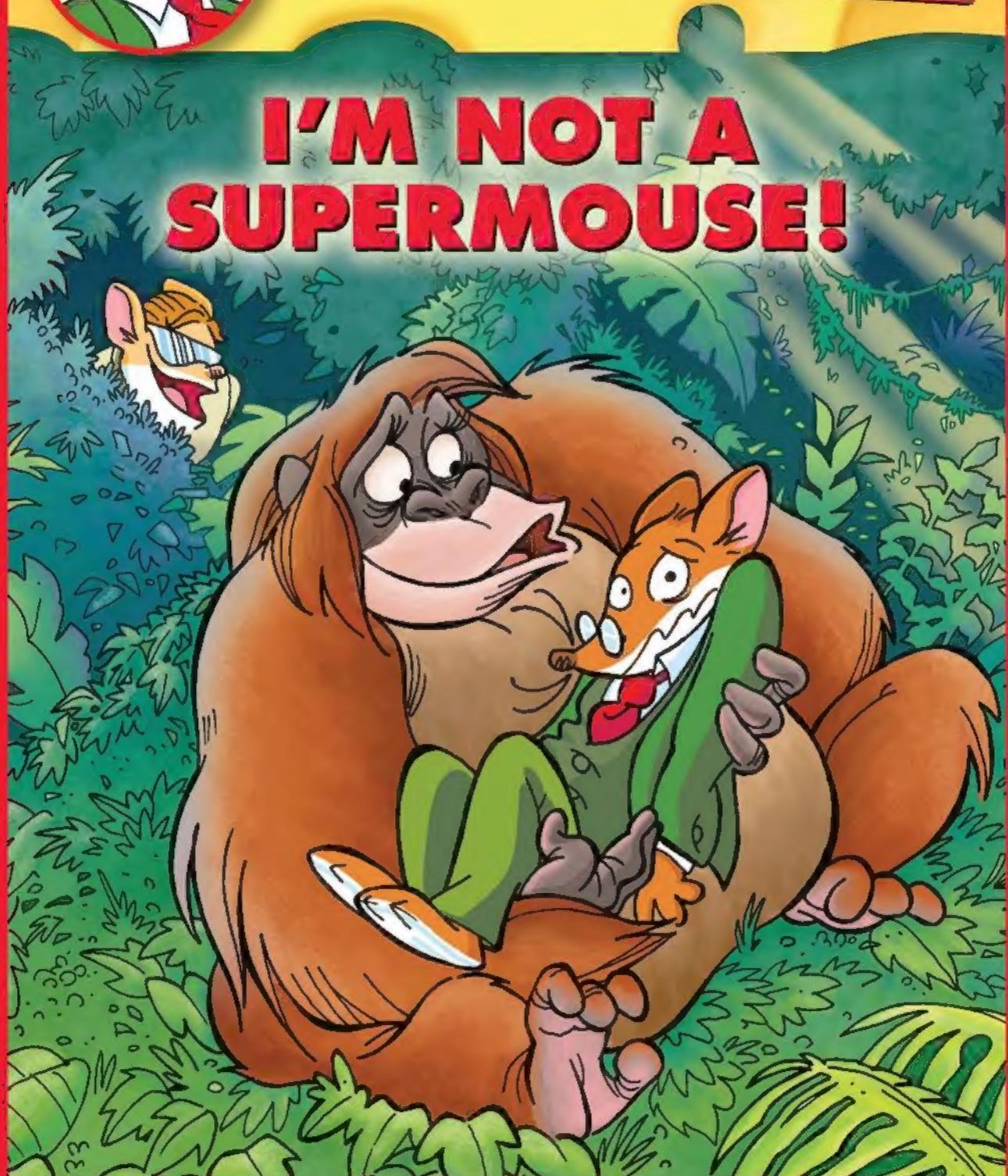




Geronimo Stilton

I'M NOT A SUPERMOUSE!

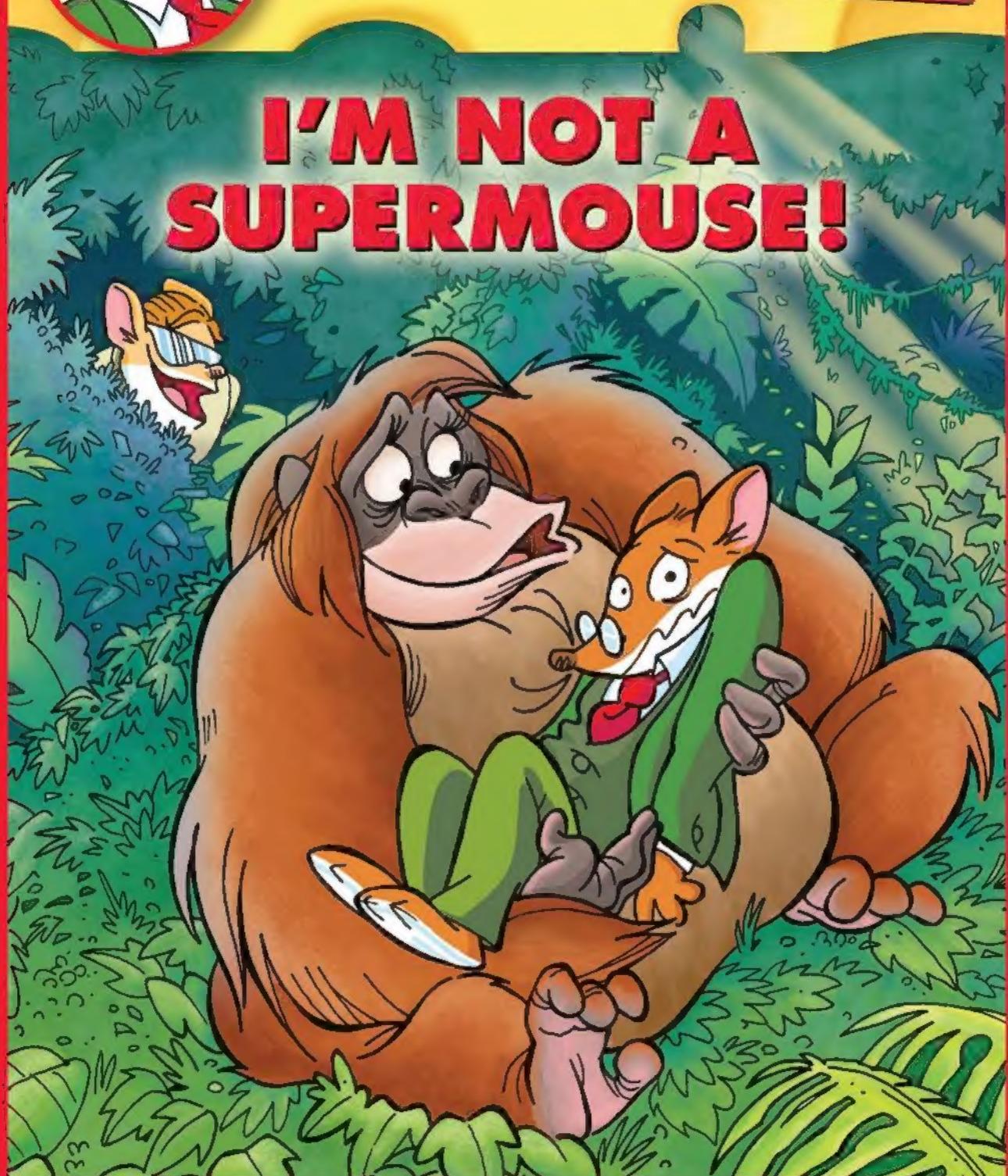


SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

I'M NOT A SUPERMOUSE!



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



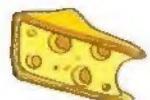
Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

**I'M NOT A
SUPERMOUSE!**



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eISBN 978-0-545-39358-4

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Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

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Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Non sono un supertopo!*

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario

Illustrations by Elena Tomasutti and Christian Aliprandi

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Yuko Egusa

Special thanks to Beth Dunfey

Special thanks to Lidia Morson Tramontozzi

Interior design by Kay Petronio

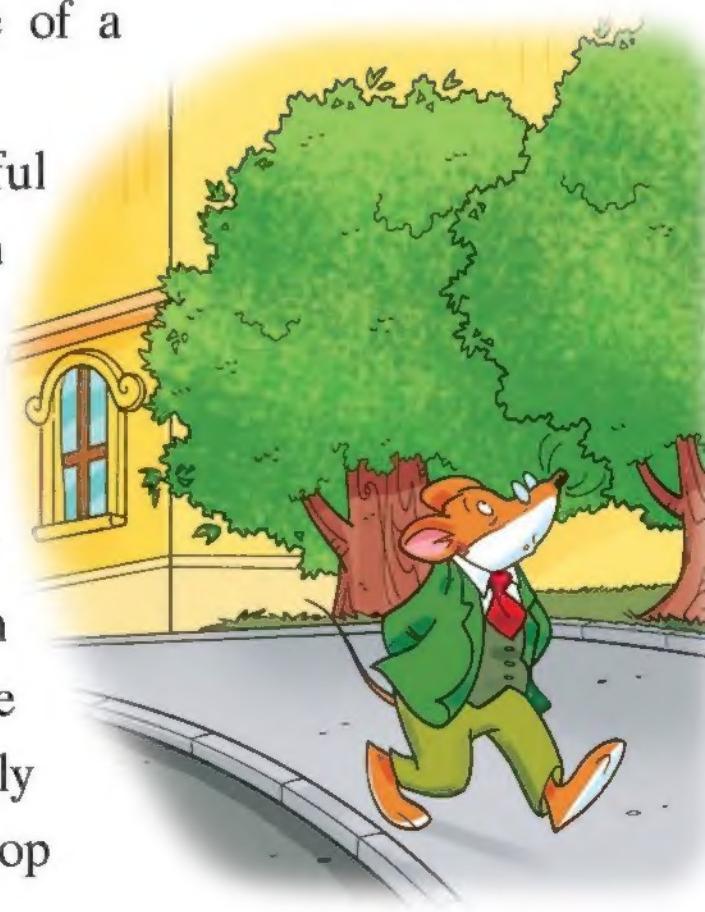
First printing, October 2010



A MOUSE TRAP

Hello! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. What you're about to read is one of my favorite **ADVENTURES**. You see, I just love reading. In fact, this particular story began because of a **book**....

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in *spring*, and I was whistling *HAPPILY* as I strolled along the streets of New Mouse City. I was in a good mood because I'd planned a really nice day. First, I'd shop





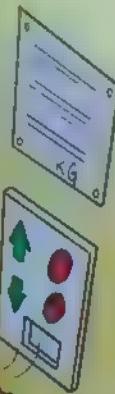
for some fresh cheese, then I'd head over to **New Mouse City's library**, where the library mouse was holding a **book** for me. It was something I'd wanted to read for a **LONG** time.

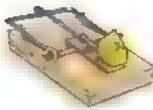
When I was done with my shopping, I scurried over to the library. After chatting with the library mouse, I checked out the book.

The security guard shouted, "**The library is closing!** All rodents are kindly asked to get their books and leave the premises!"

I scampered onto the elevator and pushed the DOWN **button**. The elevator began going down. But suddenly, between the third and second floors, I heard a **SCREECH**, and the elevator came to a dead **STOP**. The lights went out, and I was plunged into **DARKNESS**.

I waited for a moment, then squeaked at the





top of my lungs: “Help! The **elevator** is stuck!”

There was no response. A **chill** ran down my tail as a **TERRIFYING** thought struck me: “I’m stuck in an elevator on a Saturday afternoon and no one has a clue I’m here!”

Cold **sweat** dripped from my whiskers. My head was spinning like a **mousey-go-round** at an amusement park. My heart was racing **FASTER** than a gerbil on a treadmill. I banged my paws on the steel doors, screaming, “**HELP**, I’m traaaappppped!”

Despite the **darkness**, I saw something move.
“AAAAAAAARRRRRGHHH!”
I screeched.

Then I looked closer: It was only my own **REFLECTION** in the elevator’s mirror!



A REAL, TRUE EMERGENCY!

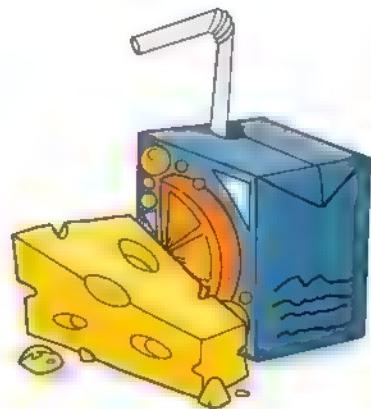
I tried to get a **grip**. I began to think things through.

“OK, it’s Saturday afternoon. The **library** will reopen on Monday morning. So I’ll just wait **calmly** until then.”

But the thought of being stuck in an elevator for a day and a half gave me a bad case of **scaredy-mouse syndrome**. I began to sob, “**Heeeelp! Heeeelp!**”

There was no response.

I sighed, then sat down. I figured I might as well make myself comfortable. I needed to **cheer up** a bit, so I rummaged through my shopping bags





and found a piece of **cheese**. I began munching on it slowly, then drank a sip of **orange juice**. It was lucky I'd just done my shopping: A piece of cheese usually calms me down right away. After all, what mouse doesn't **love** cheese?

For a moment, I felt better. How bad could it be? I had food to eat and a juicy book to entertain me. I'd planned on spending the whole weekend **reading** anyway.



Too bad it was so **DARK** in here!

In fact, it was **PITCH-BLACK**. All that **darkness** reminded me I hate small spaces. I get really claustrophobic!

I took a deep breath. There was nothing to do but wait. So I removed my jacket, folded it into a **pillow**, curled up my **tail**, and tried to **sleep**. A nap was a surefire way to pass the time.

But no matter how much I tried, I just couldn't seem to **relax**. Maybe it was the darkness. Maybe it was the stuffiness. Maybe it was my own 'fraidy-ness.

Whatever it was, I **tossed** and **turned** for hours.

When I finally fell asleep, I had terrible dreams. I dreamed I'd been buried alive in a **MUMMY's TOMB**. It





was my most **BONE-CHILLING** nightmare ever!



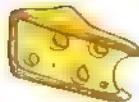
Sunday morning finally rolled around. I couldn't see the **sun**, of course, but I realized it was morning when I checked the fluorescent light on my **watch**.

By this time, I was starting to feel like the cheese had slipped off my cracker. I tried to **comfort** myself by humming **softly**. I wrapped my tail around myself and rocked back and forth, squeaking to myself.

After a few hours of that, I heard a ring.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!!!

I jumped up. What was that? Something was **vibrating** inside my pocket!



Vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvv!

I smacked myself on the snout. **Holey cheese!** It was my **cell phone!**

And to think I considered myself a brainy mouse! Why hadn't I remembered it sooner? With trembling paws, I grabbed the phone and sobbed, "H-hello? I-I'm a **CHEESEBURGER** . . . I mean, I'm G-Geronimo. . . . I'm elevator in a stuck. . . . I mean, I'm stuck in an elevator! Please get me **OOOOOOUUUUUUT!!!!**"





HYENA HERE, BRUCE HYENA!

A loud, **HEARTY** squeak roared back at me, “Hello, Hyena here. Bruce Hyena!”

“**B-B-Bruce**,” I stammered. “I’m so glad you called. I’m trapped in an elevator, in the dark. . . . I’m scared and —”

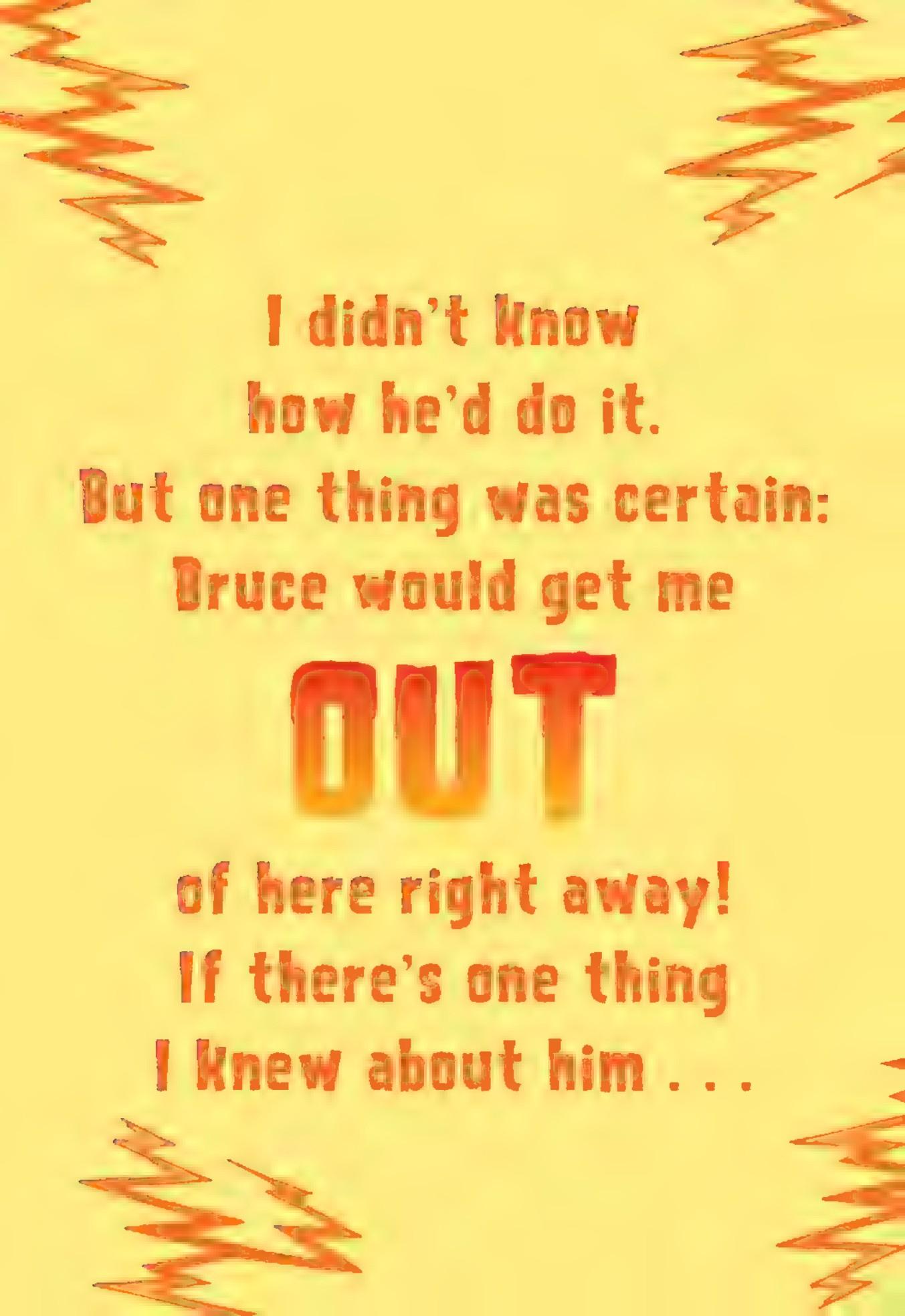
He cut me short in his usual **ABRUPT** way. “Pipe down, Cheesehead! Where are you?”

“Umm, in an elevator in the New Mouse City Public Library. . . .”

Bruce heaved a

“I’ll be right there, Cheese Puff!”

I smiled. Bruce was one of my dearest friends. He was a really **brawny** mouse — just the rodent you’d want by your side in an **EMERGENCY**.



I didn't know
how he'd do it.

But one thing was certain:
Bruce would get me

OUT

of here right away!
If there's one thing
I knew about him . . .

THE THOUSAND FACES OF BRUCE HYENA



He's a parachutist who throws himself into every adventure!



He always protects nature.



He can sail a sailboat.





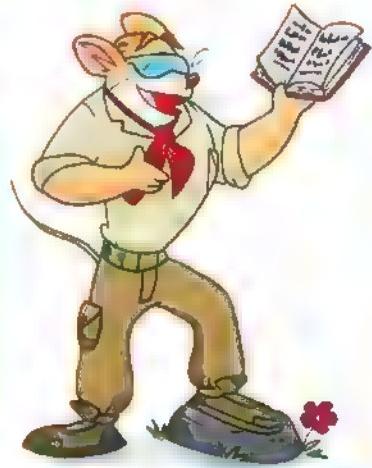
Ain't no mountain
high enough for him!



He has a great sense of
direction, so he never gets lost.



He loves to sing and tell
stories around the campfire.



He has one secret:
He loves romantic
novels and poetry.





A few minutes later, I heard **some paws** run up the stairs. Then **some paws** pounded furiously on the elevator doors. Finally, **somebody** exclaimed, “Don’t worry! **Everything is under control!**”

I whispered, “Bruce, is that you?”

No one answered. The elevator doors **creaked** open. A sliver of **light** shone through. I blinked a few times. It had been a long time since I’d seen daylight.

LIGHT! AIR! FREEDOM!

Then an iron paw pulled me through the gap in the doors. **Somebody** shouted in my ear, “Everything OK, **CHAMP?**”

I barely managed to **SQUEAK**. Then I **passed out**.

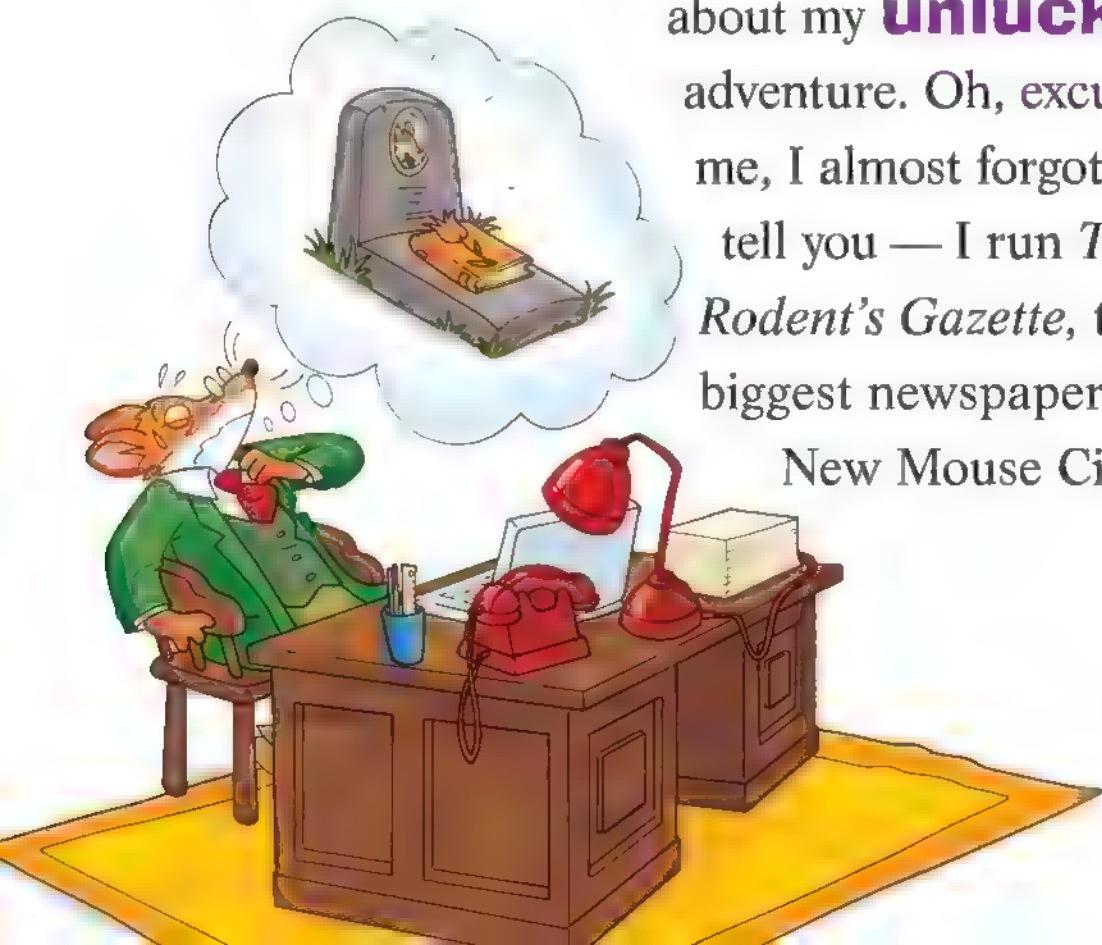




I THOUGHT I'D LEAVE MY FUR THERE!

I spent the rest of the day at home, resting. A nice **HOT** bath, some tasty **chips**, and a good night's **sleep** quickly restored me.

The next day, I told everybody in the office about my **unlucky** adventure. Oh, excuse me, I almost forgot to tell you — I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the biggest newspaper in New Mouse City.





"I was so **scared!**" I sighed. "Alone all night in the elevator, in the dark. . . . I thought I'd leave my **FUR** there forever!"

My sister **THEA** snorted. "No chance of leaving **anything** there, except maybe your common sense! You just spent a night in an elevator, that's all!"

"If it were me, I would have just taken a nice ratnap," my cousin Trap **snickered**. "If life gives you cheese, make a triple-decker **sandwich**! Know what I mean?"

Bruce was **quiet**. He put a **paw** on me and said seriously, "Tell me, **Cheesehound**, why didn't you call me right away?"

"Actually . . . hmm . . . I didn't think of it," I admitted. "I don't know why."

Bruce **nodded**. Then he shouted in my ear: "I'll tell you why, **Cheese Puff**! Because you're a **BUNDLE** of nerves! Because you **LOST**



YOUR COOL! Because you panicked!"

He **pinched** my ear. "OUUUCCHHH!" I shrieked.

Bruce ignored me. "Remember these **golden** rules:

RULE No. 1: ALWAYS KEEP CALM!

RULE No. 2: BE QUICK ON YOUR PAWS!

RULE No. 3: LEARN TO ADAPT!

RULE No. 4: BE AWARE OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS!

"Got it, **CHAMP?**"

He **scribbled** something in a small orange notebook, then slammed it shut. He nodded, gave my sister a **high five** (why?), **WINKED** at my cousin (why?), and **signaled** Benjamin not to worry (why, why, why?).

Bruce turned to look me in the snout. "I've got just the **cure** for what ails you," he declared. "*Just you wait!*"

I THOUGHT I'D LEAVE MY FUR THERE!



Bruce grabbed my tail and dragged me up the stairs to the roof. An orange **helicopter** was waiting for us.

Naturally, I refused to get in. I'd been on enough of Bruce's ~~ADVENTURES~~ to know better than to go anywhere with him. I **struggled** valiantly, but in the end, an *intellectual* mouse like me couldn't compete with Bruce's **MASSIVE** muscles. He picked me up and **THREW** me in.





A PLACE WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF SAND

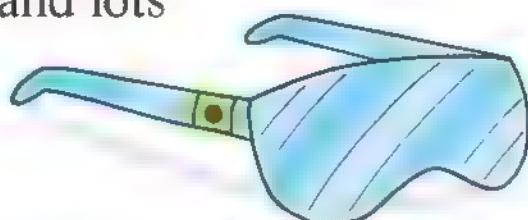
Bruce gave me a pair of **MIRRORED** sunglasses, just like his. “Put these on! Under the seat you’ll find a backpack stuffed with everything we need for where **we’re going.**”

Now I was really worried. Why was he being so mysterious? **“Soooo, where are we going?”**

Bruce chuckled. “Let’s play a **G A M E**, **CHAMP.** You like games, don’t you?”

I smiled nervously. I do like games, but mostly of the board variety.

“See if you can guess,” Bruce continued. “It’s a place with lots and lots of **sand.**”





“The **beach**?” I breathed **hopefully**. He snorted. “A **beach**? **YOU WISH**, Cheesehead!”

I tried again. “The **HAMSTER ISLANDS**?” “Where we’re going is much, much, much **BIGGER** than an island, **CHAMP!**” he declared. “In fact, it’s almost **four million** square miles! It’s very, very, very **hot** there. It gets up to **one hundred degrees** Fahrenheit in the shade! And it’s very, very, very **DRY**. It never rains!”

I was **INCREDOLOUS**. “A place like that doesn’t exist. . . .”

He snickered. “You should see how the **sun** shines. It’s so **hot**, you could get a **tan** in the middle of the night!”

I was beginning to have a **bad** feeling about this. But Bruce was **laughing** very hard.

Once he caught his breath, he said, “There



are lots and lots and lots of **camels!**"

I was flabbergasted. "Wh-what?? What do camels have to do with anything?"

Bruce was **rolling with laughter** in the helicopter, making it **BOUNCE** up and down. I clutched my stomach. You see, I have a bad history of **MOTION SICKNESS**.

"Look down," Bruce sputtered between laughs. "There are the **camels!**"

Below us was a blanket of sand.

It was veryveryvery **big** ...

veryveryvery **hot** ...

and veryveryvery **dry** ...

with lots and lots and lots of **camels!**







Bruce had finally gotten control of himself. “I bet you’re wondering where the **beach** is, right?” He burst out laughing again.

But that was no **beach**. It was **the Sahara Desert!**

“If you don’t lather yourself up with sunblock from the tip of your **tail** to the tip of your **whiskers**, you’ll be in agony!” he bellowed. “Out here, you need a sunblock that’s **SPF 1000!**”

“But **SPF 1000** sunblock doesn’t exist!” I stammered.

“Exaaaaaaaaactly! So stay in the **shade** as much as you can, otherwise you’ll be a **ROASTED RODENT!** Now, get ready. Your **tests** are about to begin!”

Tests? **What tests?** I sighed. Well, at least I was good at tests. . . .

THE DESERT

What is a desert?

A desert is an area that is almost completely uninhabited, where it hardly ever rains, and where the terrain is arid and infertile.

Some deserts are **hot deserts**. These deserts are made up of mostly rock or sand. Strong winds create big **sand dunes**.

There are also **cold deserts**, like those in Greenland, the Arctic, and the Antarctic. Cold deserts are huge expanses of snow and ice, where the chill is intense and truly brutal!



The Sahara

The **Sahara** is the largest non-polar desert in the world. It's in northern Africa, and it occupies an area of about **3,475,000 square miles**.

It is a huge stretch of sand marked by traces of ancient rivers. When it rains (which happens rarely!), they fill up with water. In some areas, water springs from below the ground, forming a rich area of vegetation called an **oasis**.



The Sahara is home to desert tribes like the **Tuareg**. These nomadic people devote themselves mostly to agriculture and shepherding. They are easily recognizable because, to protect themselves from the sun, they wear a blue headpiece and long, colorful clothes with wide sleeves.



THE TESTS!!!

“OK, it’s time for your **tests**,” Bruce announced. “In a little while, I’ll make a **real mouse** out of you!”

I could feel my whiskers **trembling** with terror. “I don’t need to become a **real mouse**. I’m happy just the way I am!” I declared.

Bruce shook his snout. “That’s where you’re **wrong**. It’s not safe for you to remain the way you are. Look at what happened in the elevator! You’re too **wimpy**! You need to hone your instincts and get in touch with the **real mouse** inside you, Champ! Don’t worry about it, though. I’ll take care of everything! You can thank me later. Now . . . **it’s time for test number one!**”

REAL MOUSE TEST NO. 1

Before I realized what was happening, Bruce reached over toward my collar.

"Uh-oh, what do we have here? Lookie here, Cheesehead. It's a **SCORPION!**"

I let out an **ear-piercing** scream. "A scorpiooooooooooon? Heeeeeeeeeeeeelp!"

Bruce just **LAUGHED**. He swung the **SCORPION** back and forth in front of my snout. "Don't worry, **CHAMP**! It's made of rubber!" Then he said more seriously: "**Rule No. 1: Always keep calm!** If it had been real, you'd be **catmeat** by now!"

After my heart stopped pounding, I started **chasing** him. "**BRUUUUCEE!** When I catch you, you'll see how calm I can be!"



REAL MOUSE TEST NO. 2

As he **scampered** away from me, Bruce headed up a huge dune with **SAND** as fine as powder. Once he reached the **top**, he started taunting me.

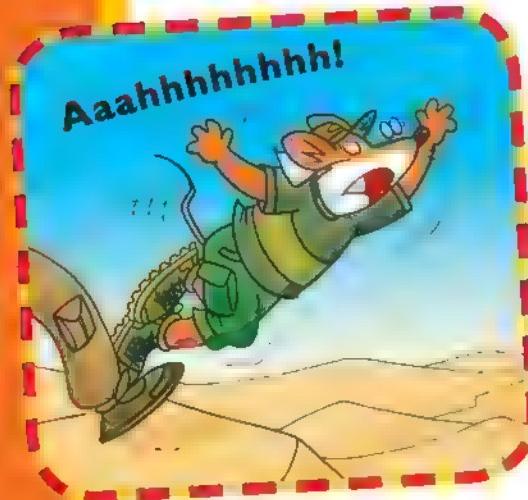
"Come on, **Cheese Puff**, show me what you've got! I want to see you **flex** those muscles! Lift those paws, **HOP, HOP!**"

I tried to lift my paws, but as I plodded up the dune, each paw **sank** into the sand.

When I got to the top, Bruce tripped me.

"I'm doing this for you, **Cheesehead!**" he shouted. "**One day you'll thank me.**"

As I rolled down the dune, he shouted, "That's no good at all! You've failed the **test**. You forgot **Rule No. 2: Be quick on your paws!**"



REAL MOUSE TEST NO. 3



There was **SAND** in my clothes and fur! While I was trying to shake it off, Bruce **scurried** down the hill and pawed me some **cheese**. “Now, eat this! I’m doing it for your own good. **One day you’ll thank me.**”

One day? I was ready to thank him right now—I was **starving!** I opened my mouth to take a big bite when I noticed the cheese was covered with **worms!** “**EEWWWWWW!**” I

shrieked. I threw it away in disgust.

Bruce shook his snout. “No good at all! **Cheesehead**, you botched the test. You forgot **Rule No. 3: Learn to adapt!** If **wormy cheese** is all you have to eat, then eat **wormy cheese!**”



REAL MOUSE TEST NO. 4

The next morning, I woke at dawn.

I **stretched**, **scratched** my whiskers, then sat bolt upright: I was **ALONE** in the tent except for this note!

- TEST No. 4: MEET ME AT THE OASIS!
- WALK EAST FOR TWO HOURS, THEN GO WEST. ONE DAY YOU'LL THANK ME!

Thank Bruce? Thanking him was the **FURTHEST** thing from my mind! How could I make it on my own in the **desert**? And where was the **oasis**? I had **no idea**!

However, I soon realized I had no choice but to do as Bruce said. I couldn't stay in the tent alone. I had only the **clothes** on my back and a small amount of **FOOD** and **WATER** in my backpack. So I started out.

It turned out to be one of the most horrible



days of my life. I tried to figure out where I was, but there were no points of reference! There was **nothing** in the desert. Only **SAND... SAND... SAND...** AND MORE **SAND**.

As the sun began to set, I noticed something familiar on the ground. I realized it was my **pawkerchief**. That meant I had already been there! I was going in **Circles**!

I started to **sob**. “I’m **loooooost!** I’m **scared!**”

Just then, Bruce came from behind a dune and yelled, “No good at all, **Cheesehead!** You **FLUNKED** this **test**, too. Remember **Rule No. 4: Be aware of your surroundings!**”



REAL HOUSE TEST NO. 5

Bruce led me to a tree at the **oasis**. "You're probably wondering why I brought you here, aren't you?" Bruce asked kindly.

"Er, yes. **Why** did you bring me here?"

"Geronimo, I'm going to give you a very **VALUABLE** piece of advice," Bruce said seriously. "*Be quiet* and **DON'T MOVE!**"

I was about to ask why, when I heard a faint **buzzing** that grew louder and **LOUDER!**

A second later, I was covered with bees! That was **weird**! Yet here they were, **all over the place**! They were crawling on my ears, whiskers, and nose! There were bees from my **glasses** down to my **tail**.





Bees! Bees! Bees!
Bees! Bees! Bees!
Bees! Bees! Bees!

What a **NIGHTMARE**!

Bruce clicked his stopwatch. "You're so **LUCKY**! This is a unique opportunity to measure how long you can keep cool. I'm going to count the seconds before you start **SCREAMING**. Ready, **Cheesehead**? One . . . Two . . . Three . . . **CONGRATULATIONS**, so far . . . Nine . . . Ten . . . Why haven't you screamed? Fifteen . . . Sixteen . . . Did I **mention** if you **scream**, you'll get **STUNG**?"





It may seem strange, but in some areas of the desert, where water is plentiful and plants thrive (such as oases), bees can live and produce honey.



DISAPPOINTED, Bruce muttered, "Hmm, you're not screaming!"

I didn't scream because I was too afraid to!
I had no **INTENTION** of getting stung.

But Bruce had more tricks up his **fur**. “Fine!” he shouted. “I guess I’ll have to make the **test** harder!”

He snickered, then shook the tree trunk until the bees' nest fell **right on my head!**

Now those bees were really mad! They **SWARMED** around me so thickly, I couldn't see my own snout. I **ran** away, and they began to **chase** me!

B z z z z z z z z z z z z !

I ran to the pond in the middle of the oasis and dove in snout-first.

"GOOD FOR YOU!" Bruce shouted.
"Record time: 325 feet in nine seconds!"



Too Darn Hot!

I dragged myself to the tent, threw myself on the cot, and promptly fell asleep. The night (which was **frigid**, like all nights in the desert!) was very short. It felt like I was **asleep** for only five minutes when a **SCREECH** jolted me awake.

“Get up, **Chase Pull!** Get to!”

“W-w-what? Where am I?” I stuttered.

A minute later, it all came **FLOODING** back. I knew exactly where I was: in the desert, with Bruce. I peeked out of the tent just as the **sun** was rising in a cloudless sky.

“How **beautiful!**” I breathed.

Unfortunately, that **peaceful** moment was just that — a moment. Seconds after the sun peeked above the horizon, Bruce leaned over

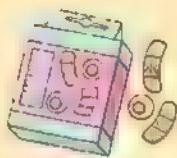
DESERT SURVIVAL GEAR



SNAKE AND SCORPION ANTIVENOM KIT



WATER BOTTLE AND DRINK MIX



BANDAGES FOR BLISTERS



MIRRORED SUNGLASSES



ENERGY BARS



HIKING BOOTS



SUNBLOCK



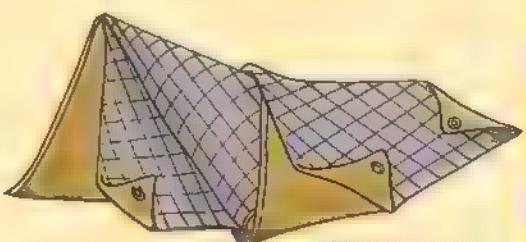
FLASHLIGHT



SUN HAT



THERMOS

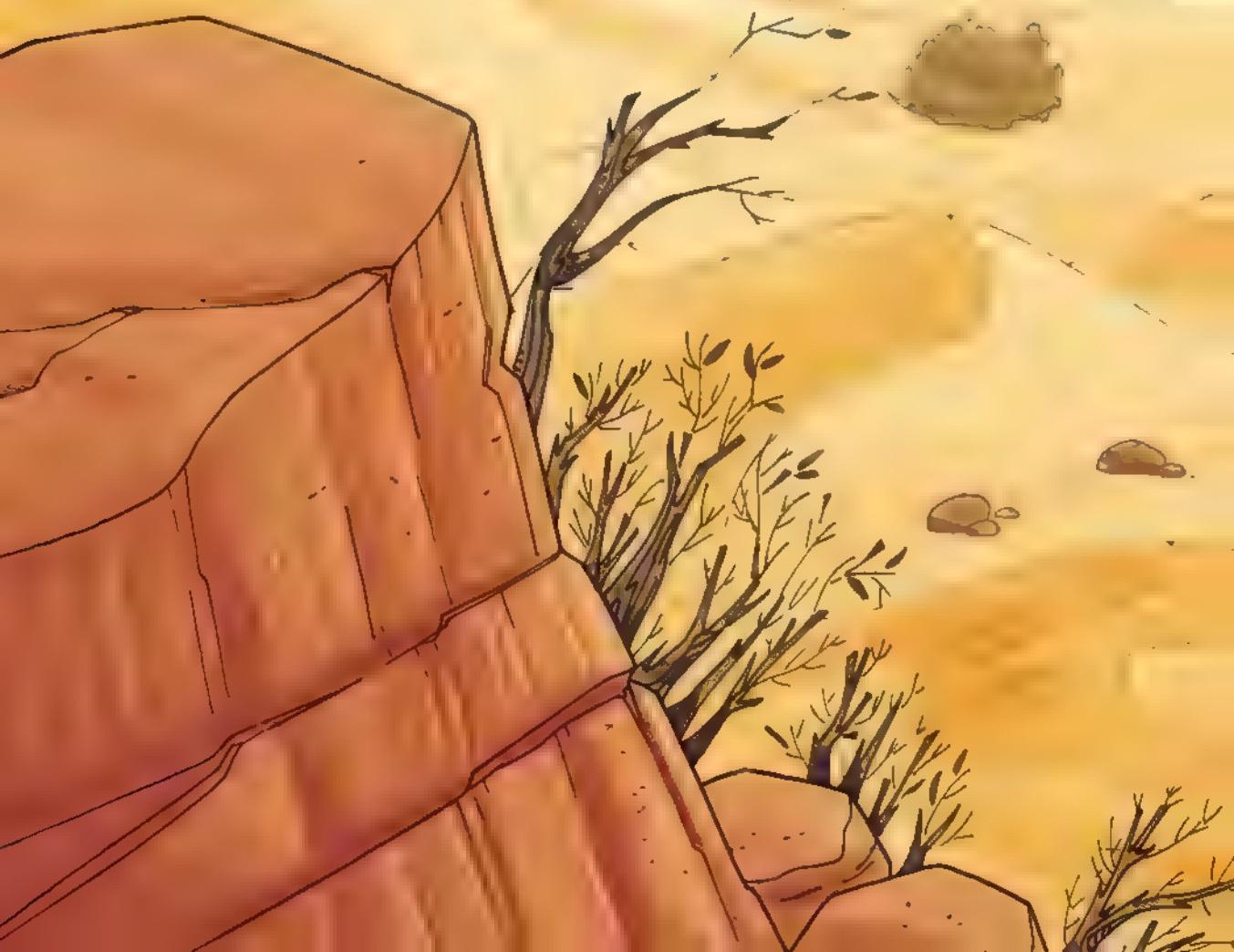


THERMAL TENT

and **shouted** in my ear, “Show’s over, Cheese Puff! It’s time to **WARM UP** your puny little **muscles** with some exercise!”

Oh, we **warmed up**, all right! Fifteen minutes later, I was **HOTTER** than an overcooked grilled cheese sandwich!

But that wasn’t enough for Bruce. He



kept giving me more and more challenging exercises while the temperature kept rising.

After **one** hour, it was **HOT!**

After **two** hours, it was **SWELTERING!**





After **three** hours, it was **SCORCHING!**

After that, I don't remember a thing. **MY
brain was fried!**

The **whole day** was like that. Bruce gave me one exercise routine after another, even when the desert sun was **HIGH IN THE SKY** and beating down mercilessly. He had me do floor exercises, running, bending, jumping, weight lifting, and the worst of the bunch: He made me **STARVE** all day long!

As I sweated away, he squeaked at me ruthlessly. "Come on, **CHAMP**! Are you a **REAL MOUSE** or a **cheese puff?**"

I did my best not to look like a cheese puff, but it was hard! The sun was **ROASTING!**

At the end of the day, I was completely cooked. Bruce took one look at my **BURNED** snout and **BURST OUT** laughing. "Good for you, **CHAMP**! You're making progress.

Too DARN



HOT!

You don't look like a cheese puff anymore — you look more like a **BAKED CHEESE PUFF!**"

He dragged me off to the tent. I was so **relieved**. I couldn't wait to curl into a furball and fall asleep.

"Don't worry, Cheesehead. I have a **nice surprise** lined up for you for tomorrow," Bruce told me as he tucked me in.

"Really?" I mumbled wearily. And with that small **RAY** of hope, I fell asleep.





TOO DARN COLD!

At dawn the next day, Bruce woke me up with his usual hearty squeak:

"On your paws, Cheesehead. Wake up and get going! I have a surprise for you. We're leaving!"

I was on my paws in an **instant**. I couldn't **wait** to get out of there! I folded my sleeping bag, stuffed it into my backpack, and zipped it up in a **jiffy**. Things were looking **up**! My woes were finally coming to an end.

Oh, how **wrong** I was!

I heard the roar of an engine outside our tent. Bruce was waiting for me in the orange **HELICOPTER**.

As soon as I'd **scrambled** on board, Bruce leaned over and shouted, "Let's play a game.



See if you can guess where I'm taking you. You're **HOT**, right?"

"You can say that again! This place is hotter than **Roasted Rat Volcano** on the Fourth of July!"

Bruce nodded. "So you'd like to go someplace *nice and cool*, right?"

"Oh, yes!" I said **EAGERLY**. "That sounds perfect!"

Bruce rubbed his snout *thoughtfully*. "Well, I happen to know a spot like that. How does that sound, **CHAMP**?"

Throwing caution to the wind, I answered, "Sure! The **cooler** the better!"

Bruce smiled from ear to ear. "OK, now let's see if you can guess where I'm thinking of. It's a little place that's far, far, **far away**. It's scarcely **INHABITED**, and very **WINDY** . . ."

I **shrugged**. "Someplace **WINDY** . . . um, I have



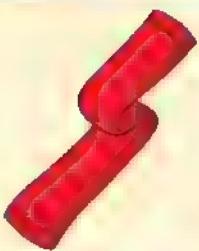
no idea. Come on, Bruce, just tell me. **WHERE** are you taking me? Where are we **GOING?**"

Bruce **howled** with satisfaction. "You're going to **love** this place, Champ! It's the coolest spot on Earth! **MOUNTAINS** of snow, **FROZEN** rivers, temperatures one hundred degrees **BELOW ZERO**. That's right, we're going to the **Nooooorth Pooooole!**"

"**The North Pole?**" I screeched.
"I'd rather stay here!"

Bruce put his paw on the gas. "Oh, no you don't, **Cheese Puff!** A **REAL MOUSE** doesn't change his mind every five minutes, depending on which way the wind is blowing. You already said you preferred the **COLD**. So cold it is!"

It was a gruesome trip. After the helicopter, we took a **PLANE**, then an **ICE CHOPPER**, then another **HELICOPTER**....



HEAVY SCARF



LINED GLOVES



SNOUT MASK
WITH INSULATED
LINING



BARRIER SKIN
CREAM*



BREATHABLE WATER-
PROOF JACKET



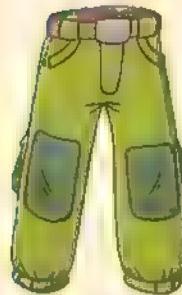
TRIPLE-LAYER WOOL
SWEATER



EARMUFFS



GLASSES FOR
THE WIND, FOG,
AND SUN



BREATHABLE
WATERPROOF
PANTS



WATERPROOF TAIL
COVER



HIKING BOOTS



HEAVY WOOL
SOCKS



SNOWSHOES

NORTH POLE SURVIVAL KIT



* Barrier skin cream insulates the skin from the cold. It also protects the skin from chapping caused by freezing temperatures.



The entire time, Bruce rattled off to me **INSTRUCTIONS** on how to **survive** in temperatures a hundred degrees below zero.

“First of all, **CHEESEBURGER**, remember not to **Sweat**. If you do, your sweat will **freeze** on you!”

“That’s it!” I protested. “I’m going **home**. That way I won’t **Sweat** for sure. . . .”

“Oh, no you don’t!” Bruce scolded. “You’re in my capable paws now, **Chewie Puff!** What you need is **self-control!** Don’t worry. I’ll teach you everything you need to know to **survive**.”

He made me dress in polar gear — **THREE LAYERS** of everything, from my hat down to my socks! When I finally got off the helicopter, I had so many items of clothes on, I could hardly move. I looked like the **Abominable Snowrat**!

TOO DARN



COLD!

I looked around in despair. We were in a borderless desert of ice, also known as an ice pack.* It was bitterly **cold** — much **colder** than I could ever have imagined. I felt like I was trapped inside a **Subzero** freezer!

“Did you put on some barrier skin cream, **CHEESEHEAD**?” Bruce asked. He had to shout to be heard over the frigid winds gusting around us.

“**Cream?** What cream?” I shouted back.

“The cream that protects against the cold and wind. You don’t want your *whiskers* to freeze, do you?”

“Actually, I . . .”

“That’s **BAD**, Cheddarface. They could **crumble** and fall right off!”

Oh no, not my *whiskers*! I got so stressed out, I could feel **little beads** of perspiration forming on my neck and back.

*An ice pack is a sheet of ice that covers the sea. Ice packs are common in the polar regions.

Bruce has a sixth sense about these things. He gave me a look that would've scared a rabid tomcat. "You aren't **Sweating**, are you?" he demanded.

"**Wh-why do you ask?**" I stuttered nervously.

"Because you could **FREEZE** like a fish stick! By the way, did you put on your waterproof insulated **tail cover**?"

"My what?" I asked.

"That means no, right? That's very bad,

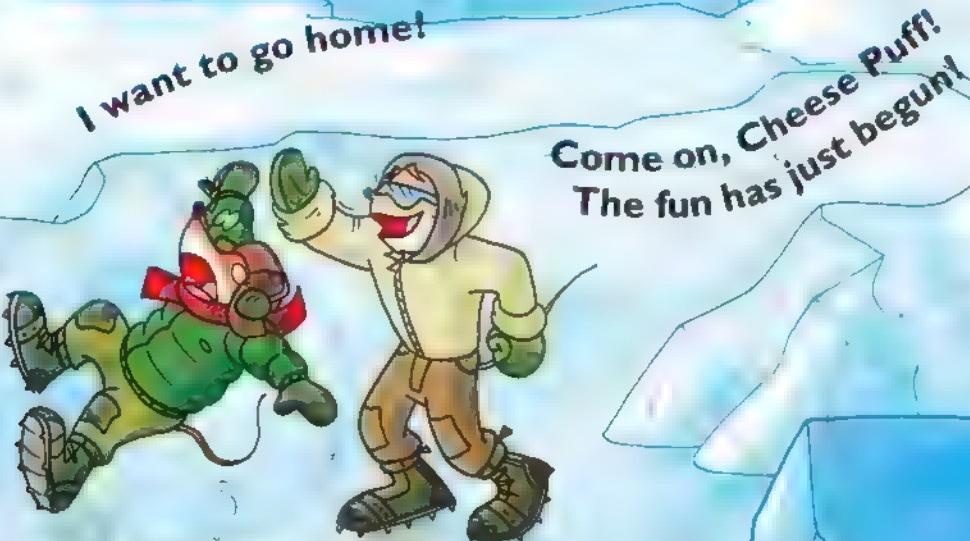


Cheese Puff Your tail could freeze! You don't want it to **FALL OFF**, do you?"

My whiskers began to tremble. Not from the cold, but from **anxiety**! You see, I'm very attached to my tail. I shouted, "**It's too cold here! I want to go home!**"

Bruce slapped my shoulder. "Come on, Cheesehead! The **fun** has just begun!"

"Fun? Fun?!" I screeched. "You call this **fun?!?!**"



Too DARN



COLD!

Bruce gave me a pat on the back. "Come on, **CHAMP**! We're off to the **North Pole**! Think how much fun it'll be! We'll pull sleds carrying food and equipment for a good **HUNDRED MILES**, or until the **GPS*** tells us we've hit the North Pole. What could be **BETTER**? It's going to be an adventure!"

I didn't bother answering. I started **PULLING** the sled in silence to conserve my energy. I thought: *The sooner we get to the North Pole, the sooner we'll leave this **DREADFUL** place!*

It was a **oooooong**, grueling march. It seemed to go on **FOREVER**. All we saw all day long was **ICE, ICE**, and more **ICE**! I felt like I was becoming one with our surroundings, but not in a good way. I was frozen like a **MUSCLE**! My whiskers were frozen,

**GPS stands for Global Positioning System. A GPS can pinpoint its user's exact location anywhere in the world.*

TOO DARN



COLD!

my tail was frozen, my fur was frozen, even
my **GLASSES** were frozen!

At dusk on the seventh day, **we had arrived!**
I collapsed in a frozen heap. I'd never been so
happy to reach a destination.

"Good for you, **CHAMP!**" Bruce cheered.
"When you don't **disappoint** me, you do me
proud!"

Talk about faint words of **praise!**
A little while later, a motor roared above us.
HURRAH! The orange **HELICOPTER**
had come to get us.

*Chop-chop, Cheesehead!
Move those paws!*



Brrrr!





Too MUCH JUNGLE!

As soon as we climbed on board the chopper, I curled up and fell asleep. I **slept** through the whole trip. I barely noticed when we changed transportation: helicopter, ship, plane, train, another ship, **another plane**. All I knew was that we were heading home. **What a fur-raising trip** it had been! I couldn't wait to be back in my nice, **cozy** mouse hole in New Mouse City.

While trying to catch a few **Z's**, I heard Bruce chattering away. I tried tuning him out, but I caught something about hungry **tigers**, the **JUNGLE**, **quicksand**, and poisonous **snakes**. I guessed he was telling me a bedtime story. But I was so tired, I couldn't keep my eyes open.



JUNGLE SURVIVAL KIT



BOTTLE OF
SNAKEBITE
ANTIVENOM



CANTEEN



BUG-
REPELLENT
SPRAY



FLASHLIGHT



MACHETE



ROPE



RAIN PONCHO

THE JUNGLE

The jungle is a dense tangle of trees and vegetation at the heart of a tropical rain forest. Jungles are most common in the areas around the equator and the tropics. It rains frequently in the jungle, which helps the trees and bushes grow abundantly. Jungles

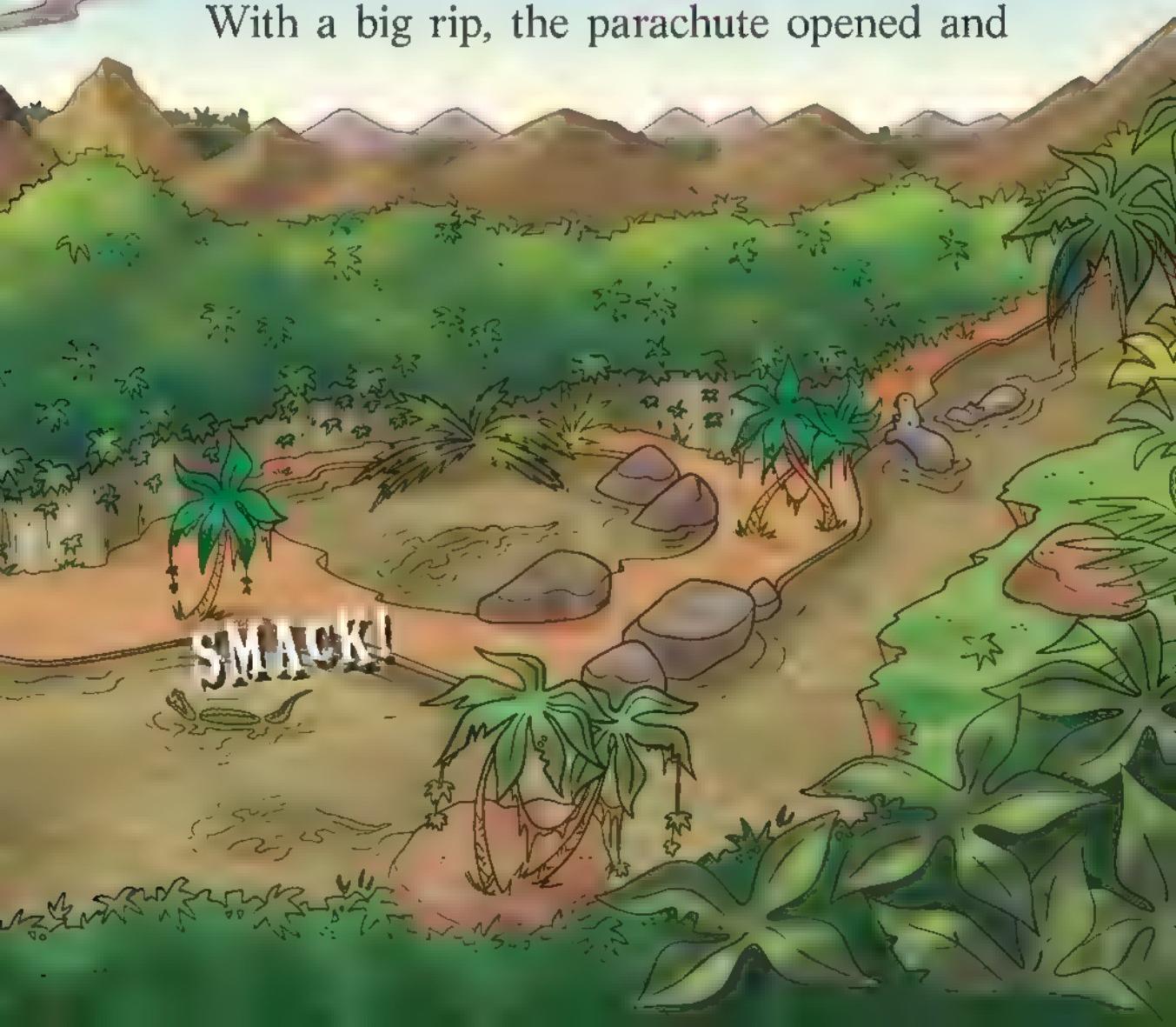
are home to an unusually large percentage of animal species — some estimate that more than 50 percent of the world's species live in jungles.

It's always wise to wear light clothing in the jungle. It's also important to carry a survival kit with a few essential objects.

When I woke up, I was alone at the door to the plane. I heard Bruce yell in my ear, "OK, **CHEESEHEAD**, you were paying attention, right? If you want to stay alive, be sure to remember everything I told you. Now **OUT YOU GO!** You're going to have so much **fun!**"

Bruce shoved me out of the plane and into . . . **NOTHINGNESS!** I fell for what seemed like an eternity. I started panicking, but then I remembered Bruce muttering something about a **parachute**. I felt around until I found a **string**, and I pulled it!

With a big rip, the parachute opened and





slowed my descent.

As I **WHIZZED** through the wind, I saw treetops below me coming closer and closer. . . .

I was headed straight for an extremely **DENSE** forest. . . .

No, actually . . .

IT WAS A JUNGLE!

Oh why, oh why hadn't I listened to Bruce's **babbling**? I should've known he would never be telling me something as **innocent** as a bedtime story! How was I ever going to **SURVIVE** in the **WILD JUNGLE**?



I'd barely had time to reflect on the **trouble** I was in when my parachute got tangled in the branches of a **HUMONGOUS** tree.

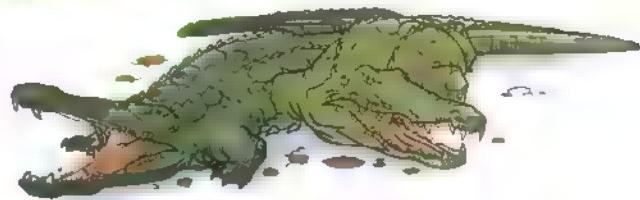
I sat quietly for a moment and took stock of the situation: I was lost in the jungle, tangled in a **parachute**, on top of a gigantically **TALL** tree.

“**HELP!**” I screamed. “I don’t want to hang here like a **fly** waiting for a **spider!**”
I was in trouble. Real trouble!

As if being stuck in a tree wasn’t enough to **scare the cheese** out of me, the jungle was full of **terrifying** sounds. First I thought I heard a pair of jaws opening and closing. . . .

SMACK...

Maybe it was a hungry crocodile with **razor-sharp** teeth. . . .



SMACK...



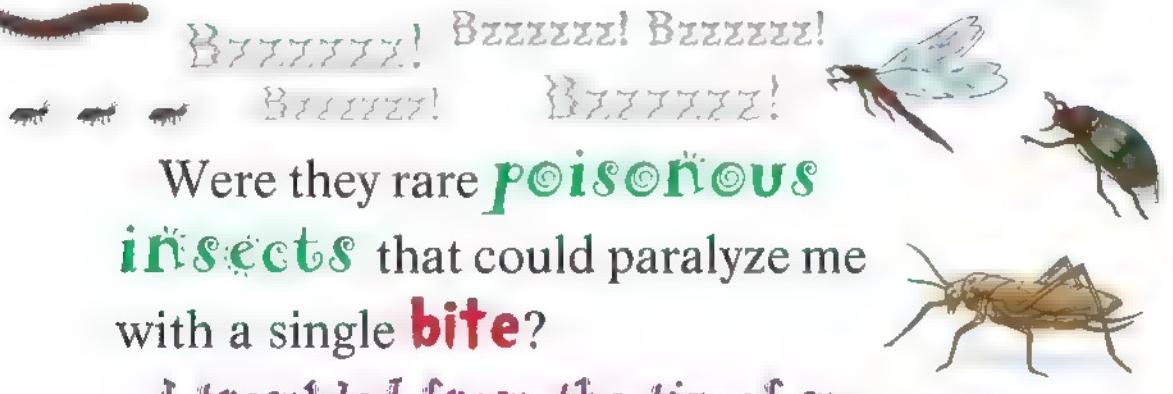
Then I heard the **THUNDEROUS** roar of a tiger. . . .

R U U OOOOAR!

Was it a ravenous Malaysian tiger? I shivered. I'd heard they love to eat rodents!

I couldn't think anymore. A **cloud** of **insects** was swarming around me. . . .

Bzzzzzz! Bzzzzzz! Bzzzzzz!
Bzzzzzz! Bzzzzzz!



Were they rare **poisonous** **insects** that could paralyze me with a single **bite**?

I trembled from the tip of my tail to the tip of my whiskers.

I screamed with every ounce of breath in my body, "Heeeeeeeeelp! Somebody help meeeeeeee!"

Nearby, I heard the **rustling** of **leaves**.



I sighed with relief. I knew it was Bruce. He'd come to save me!

But out of the **leaves**, a **HAIRY** face emerged! Then I saw two **beady** eyes and a protruding jaw.

I was a **goner**. It wasn't Bruce, it was an **ORANGUTAN**!

I was in deep, deep trouble!

The orangutan plucked me right out of the tree. She seemed happy to see me. She began **rocking** me gently, then a little **harder**. Eventually, she was rocking me so hard I felt seasick!

Then I **understood**! This was an **ORANGUTAN MOTHER**, and she'd mistaken me for one of her babies!

I cleared my throat **NERVOUSLY**. "Excuse me, ummm . . . **MRS. ORANGUTAN** . . . I think there's been a mistake. I **HATE** to



disappoint you, but I'm not your son!"



She looked at me, a little puzzled. Then she began **picking through** the fur on my head. She was trying to find lice! Orangutans groom each other. They keep themselves clean by de-licing one another. It wasn't so bad, really, but — **OUCH!** — actually, it was a little **painful!**

"Please stop! I don't have any lice, I swear I don't! I'm not an **ORANGUTAN**, and I'm not your baby!"

But she continued examining my scalp as if I hadn't **squeaked** a word. Every now and then, she'd pluck some **tufts** of fur off my snout. I finally had enough. "Please, I **BEG** you,



put me down and leave me alone! I just want to go home!"

At that, she picked me up and sat me on her knee. I think she was trying to calm me down, because she **forced** me to eat a bunch of **Tropical fruit**.

I'll have you know that I absolutely **despise** bananas! This was **worse** than the **desert**. It was **worse** than the **North Pole**. Frankly, I didn't know how it could get any **worse** than this.

Just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore, who bursts out of the bushes?

BRUCE!

"Hey, **CHAMP**, you shouldn't get too **friendly** with an orangutan! Don't you know she could **squish** your pretty little snout?"

"Sq-sq-squish my snout?" I stammered. Then I **Fainted**.



Too Much Darkness!

When I came to, I was in the helicopter again. Bruce was leaning over me. "Wake up, **Cheesehead!**! Come on, wake up! You never were in any real **DANGER**. I was always near you, ready to come to the **RESCUE**."

He slapped me hard on the back and continued, "You know, you're really a cheesehead, **Cheesehead!** Just give me a few more days and I'll make a **real mouse** out of you! Don't worry your pretty little snout about anything, **OK?** Leave everything to me."

"O-O-OK, but I'm not sure if I **TRUST** you. . . . Wh-wh-where are you taking me?"

"Where your worst **FEARS** will become reality: a cave!"

A CAVE?! Hmm, it couldn't be worse

CAVE EXPLORATION EQUIPMENT



CAVES

Caves are underground cavities that are created naturally by the corrosion and erosion of soil.

Although caves were used by ancient people for shelter, they are naturally inhospitable.

They are usually cold, very damp, and very, very dark!

Speleology is the science that studies caves, their origins, and their characteristics. To explore a cave, you must bring the proper equipment.

than the **JUNGLE**... could it?

An hour or two later, we were inside a **dark** cave, inching our way along a **LOOOOOONG**, muddy underground passage.

I couldn't see a thing! Imagine the darkest night you've ever seen, then multiply that by a thousand. **IT WAS COMPLETELY, 100 PERCENT PITCH-BLACK!** My flashlight **LIT** only a little space ahead of me. I was trying **VERY HARD** to remain calm. I



reminded myself: *I'm not alone. Bruce is here.*
He knows how to get out of TROUBLE

As we trudged through the mud, Bruce warned me, "Better keep an eye out, CHAMP. It's very easy to get lost in a cave. You've got to stay NEAR ME at all times. If you take the wrong tunnel, you could get lost. And if you do, that's the end of you. If we're lucky, we'll find your BONES hundreds and hundreds of years from now. . . ."



“I-I-I don’t plan to lose you!” I assured him.

“Be very careful of your **flashlight**. Don’t drop it, or you’ll be a **DEAD MOUSE!**”

“I-I-I don’t have the slightest intention of dropping my flashlight,” I assured him.

“Very good, **Cheesehead**. By the way, you remembered to bring the package with the **extra** flashlight and batteries, right?”

“Wha-a-a-t? What **PACKAGE**? What extra **flashlight**? What extra **BATTERIES**?” I was so worried, I stood up and smacked my snout against the stalactite hanging above me. The **LIGHT** on my helmet went out.

Suddenly, it was quiet. **Too quiet.**

Bruce had **disappeared!**

I screamed, “**BRUCE, WHERE ARE YOU?**”

There was no answer. Only **dead silence.**

I was lost in the caves!

I WAS ALONE
ALONE!
I WAS SCARED,
SO VERY, VERY
VERY SCARED!





Then I did the most idiotic thing I could have done: I began to wander through the tunnels.

I WANDERED...AND WANDERED...
AND WANDERED...AND WANDERED...

“Luckily, my **flashlight** is working,” I reminded myself.

But just then, my flashlight **flickered** out. With horror, I remembered I didn’t have any extra **BATTERIES**!

I was plunged into complete **DARKNESS**. Now I knew how the **three BLIND Mice** must’ve felt. And it was dreadful!

I rolled up in a corner and began sobbing. After a few minutes, I tried to pull myself together. I began to sing a little **song**. It was perfect for my current situation.

After what seemed like **forever**, Bruce **FOUND** me. He had heard me **singing**!

I'M A CALM MOUSE

Most mice are I'm not like a mouse at all.
I like to play in the sun like a lion
I don't enjoy eating any mice –
I ~~generally~~ don't like being ~~scared~~



I'm happiest in my own cozy mouse hole,
Glued to the fridge, eating cheese from a bowl.
I'm not a supermouse – in fact, I'm a wimp.
I'm afraid of everything, even sea shrimp!



If you want me, come right out to get me
And I'll scurry away, shouting for help
And we'll jump over mountains together, I'll say to the birds –
And we'll hang around together, I'll say to the birds –
And don't leave me alone in a dark, quiet world.





"Good for you, **Cheesehead!**" he cried. "You were smart to **sing!** Otherwise, I never would have found you. Hundreds of years from now, if we were lucky, we'd have discovered your **BONES.** . . ."

I stopped listening. I just followed without a **Squeak** as he guided me to the cave's exit and back to our **TENT.**

I was **BEYOND** tired. I was **exhausted!**

I slipped into the sleeping bag up to my ears, and sank into a





Too Much Stress!

Unfortunately, just a few minutes later, Bruce **BURST** into the tent and woke me up.

“Go away, Bruce!” I said, covering my snout with my paws. “I need to sleep!”

“Not now, **CHAMP**! I’ve got **lots** to tell you.” And with that, he started **CHATTERING** about anything and everything he could think of. He was so **annoying**! I realized he was deliberately trying to **irritate** me.

This time, I was about to lose my **patience**.

WAS THIS ANOTHER TEST?
HE WAS PUTTING ME UNDER
TREMENDOUS STRESS!

He was starting to drive me **crazy**. First he said I was a **'fraidy mouse** (which we all know is true). But then he began making

The TEN Degrees of Stress



6

Eeeek!



I ran around the tent....

7

Squit!



I tore out my whiskers....

8

One, two!



I began doing push-ups to calm myself....

9

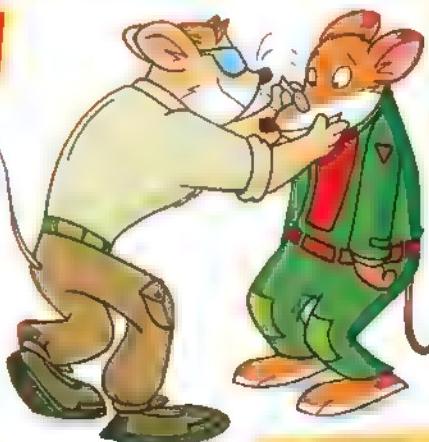
Crash!



I was so upset, I stomped on my glasses....

10

Sight!



Finally, I blew up!

fun of *The Rodent's Gazette*, saying he found *The Daily Rat* much more enjoyable. Then he said I was **LUCKY** to have such a great family (which is true), but that they deserved much better than a **STINKY** cheeserat like me.

He went on like this for **HOURS** and **HOURS**. I tried to stay calm, but finally I **EXPLODED**. I couldn't take it anymore. **I BLEW UP LIKE A CHEESE CASSEROLE THAT'S BEEN LEFT IN THE MICROWAVE TOO LONG.**

Bruce shook his snout. "You've learned a lot, Cheese Puff. However, you're still a little **WEAK** when it comes to your nerves, eh? Not to worry, though, we'll fix this little problem, too. Let me explain **how** and **why** one should keep calm in every situation."

I was too weak to **ARGUE** (though believe me, I wanted to!). My explosion had used up my last **OUNCE** of energy.



HOW AND WHY TO KEEP CALM IN EVERY SITUATION

Did someone get you angry?

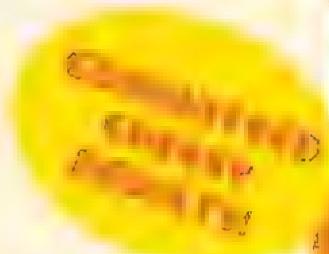
Did you lose your patience?

Did you blow up?



Follow Bruce's advice on how to keep calm.
KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER AND INHALE!

1. Breathe deeply.
2. Count to ten before saying or doing anything.
3. Figure out what made you angry.
4. Ask yourself if the anger you feel is appropriate to the situation.
5. Remember: It's not worth getting mad over every little thing that doesn't go your way.
6. Once you understand the problem, find a solution!





THE SURVIVAL COURSE IS . . .

At dawn the following day, an ear-splitting scream woke me up.

“**Cheeschcccccccccccccccccccc!**”

I jumped up and ran outside, ready to face any situation.

What was waiting for me this time?

What **DANGER** lurked ahead?

What **EMERGENCY**?

What **ADVENTURE**?

Bruce was standing outside the tent with his paws folded. He **STARED** at me for a long moment. At last he **SHOUTED**, “Now, listen to me!

“**The Survival course is over!**”

I was flabbergasted.

Listen to me!





THE SURVIVAL

COURSE

IS OVER!





“Wh-what did you say? The course is **OVER?**”

“Yes!” Bruce answered.

“No more **cold?**”

“No.”

“No more **HEAT?**”

“No.”

“No more **hard work?**”

“No.”

“No more **hunger, thirst, and
DARKNESS?**”

“No, no, and no!”

Bruce hung an enormous **gold medal** around my neck. Then, for the first time, he smiled at me and uttered two precious words:
“WELL DONE!”

I answered with one grateful, sincere word:
“THANKS!”



THE REAL SURVIVAL TEST IS HERE AND Now!

Bruce plucked a tuft of fur off my ear and pawed me a sheet of **paper**.

“Make good use of it, Cheese Puff! You’ll need it!” Bruce strode off toward a nearby hotel. We were going to spend the night there before returning to Mouse Island.

I didn’t have the energy to read what he had handed me. I **dragged** myself to the hotel and crawled to my room.

I headed to the bathroom, slipped into a hot **BATH**, and tried to relax my aching muscles.

I began to read the sheet of paper Bruce gave me. It was a **diploma**! My whiskers quivered with **emotion**. I almost burst into

SURVIVAL COURSE

Diploma

I, BRUCE HYENA, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT GERONIMO STILTON
OVERCAME THE FOLLOWING CHALLENGES:

- the heat of the Sahara
- the chill of the North Pole
- the terror of the jungle
- the darkness of the caves

I CERTIFY THAT MR. GERONIMO STILTON, ALSO KNOWN AS
CHEESE PUFF, HAS COMPLETED MY SURVIVAL COURSE.

Bruce Hyena



DON'T FORGET:

1. The desert taught you that no matter how hard your daily problems are, the important thing is to face them with the right attitude.
2. Our polar trek taught you to never give up. Be optimistic and have faith in yourself.
3. Life is an opportunity for growth. It is also an opportunity to make new friends, just like you did in the jungle, ha-ha-ha!
4. Finally, remember that this is your life — the only one you'll ever have. It's the spice you give it that makes it exciting. Singing in the cave is just the beginning!

In other words, the real survival test is here and now, every day!

tears. I had done it!

I had passed the test, and I was so **glad** it was over!

While I was reflecting on the last few days, I decided I was a little hungry. I finished my **BATH** and ordered a snack from room service: **cheesy spaghetti**. I gobbled down the food, savoring each **DELICIOUSLY** cheesy bite. Then I scampered into bed, got comfortable, and mumbled, “I’m just gonna close my eyes for a quick **ratnap** . . . a little rest . . .

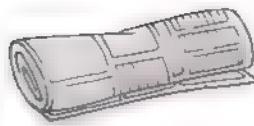


THE REAL SURVIVAL TEST...

**ZZZZZ . . . ZZZZZZZZ . . . ZZZZZ . . .
ZZZZZZZ . . . ZZZZZ . . . ZZZZZ . . .
ZZZZZZZ . . .”**

I woke up **TWENTY-FOUR** hours later.
Holey cheese! That was some **NAP!**





AN AWESOME EXPERIENCE

We headed for home that same day. We arrived in *New Mouse City* the following morning. I decided to go straight to **The Rodent's Gazette**. I couldn't wait to see my **family** and all my **friends!**



I said **hello** to everybody, went into my office, sat at my desk, opened my appointment book, and turned on my computer.

There I was . . . back to my **DAILY ROUTINE!**
It felt good.

Then **I SIGHED.**

I had experienced so many **ADVENTURES!**

I had worked **hard**, felt **fear**, and several times I'd thought I'd never make it out alive.

But now, thinking it over . . .

Well...
SO...
maybe...
perhaps...
I had to admit
that it was an
awesome experience!





But there was no time for reminiscing. The door to my office **slammed** open, and my sister **Thea** burst in.

At first I thought she had come to *welcome* me home, but I could tell she had something on her mind. “Geronimo, have you heard the **news?**” she asked, a look of **worry** on her snout.

Bewildered, I shook my head. “What news?”

She turned on the **TV**: There was a newsflash on. “Here is the very latest news! A major **STORM** has just hit the northern part of Mouse Island, near Blue Dolphin Bay. We do not yet know the extent of the **DAMAGE**. We’ll keep you posted with

a **minute-by-minute** report!"

I sprang to my paws. The situation was very **serious!** Somebody had to do something **right away!**

The phone rang. It was the **Honorable Ratmouse**, New Mouse City's mayor.



"Geronimo, my friend, I need your help. We have to do something **right away!** Emergency workers are **RUSHING** up north, but we need all the help we can get!"

"I know, Mr. Mayor," I said. "I'll send out a **NEWSBLAST** from *The Rodent's Gazette website* to ask for volunteers. But I really don't know how else



I can help you. I'm a **NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER**. I don't know how to organize **EMERGENCY** relief."

"I understand," the mayor said **SADLY**. "It doesn't matter. I was hoping that you . . . well, let me know if you think of something."

I felt **terrible**. I was sorry to disappoint the mayor. I hung up the phone and put my head on my desk. How could I help? There were too many things that needed to be done. The job was **TOO BIG** for a single mouse!

Even Thea was at a **LOSS**. And my sister is one of the world's **Biggest** know-it-alls!



NEVER GIVE UP

If there was one thing I learned through my experience with Bruce, it was **to never give up!** I thought, *Maybe one rodent can't do much on his own, but many friends together can do a lot!*

I jumped up and shouted, “We can do it!” I called all my coworkers into an **extra-urgent** meeting. In a few minutes everyone was there, out of breath and **worried**. Once everyone was assembled in the meeting room, I jumped on a chair and said, “Friends, I have called you here because something **really serious** has happened.”

Then I waited silently. Everyone’s eyes were **FIXED** on me. I looked at each mouse, **ONE By ONE**, and went on.

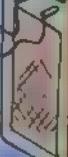


What did you
say you want to do?

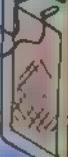
Impossible!

...a terrible storm!

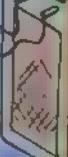
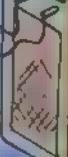
We have to act now!



Really?



Really?



NEVER



GIVE UP

“Today the **mayor** asked for our help. A huge **STORM** has hit the northern part of Mouse Island.”

Everyone murmured, “A what?”

“It’s not **possible!**”

“There’s never been a big storm on that part of the island!”

“Unfortunately, it’s **true!**” I continued. “We need to act now! We need a lot of volunteers. Who can help?”

Everyone answered with one voice.

“Meeeeeee!”

I was moved. “Thank you, everyone. I was sure I could count on you.”

Trying to remain calm and steady, I began assigning tasks to everyone.

THE MORE DESPERATE THE
SITUATION, THE GREATER THE
NEED TO KEEP CALM!



Watching me work, Thea said, “Geronimo, are you sure you’re feeling OK? You don’t look like yourself. You almost look like . . .

A SUPERMOUSE!

I smiled at her. “Don’t get your **tail** in a **twist**, Thea. I’m still **me**! If I look different, it’s all because of Bruce and his **advice**.”

I called all the contacts in my address book: Every one of them was willing to **HELP OUT**!



I'M NOT A SUPERMOUSE!

I decided to rush out a **special edition** of the paper. We'd report the latest on the **STORM**, and urge all the rodents on Mouse Island to do their part during the **EMERGENCY** by donating money, food, clothing, blankets, medicine, and transportation. We'd make it clear we welcomed advice as well as donations of **time** and **MATERIALS**.

When I called the mayor to tell him what I intended to do, he was very **moved**.

"Geronimo, you never fail to amaze me. What happened to you? You've changed. You almost seem like **A SUPERMOUSE!**"

I smiled to myself, thinking about what



Bruce had taught me, and answered, "No, **Mr. Mayor**, I'm not a supermouse. I'm still me: *Geronimo Stilton*!" But recently I've learned a few lessons on facing **ADVERSITY**."

I called my family and friends and asked them to come to the office. Each of my co-workers did the same. In a short time, there were more than fifty of us.

At first, **THERE WAS TOTAL CHAOS**! So I divided everyone into groups according to ability, then picked someone to head each group.

The **special edition** of *The Rodent's Gazette* was printed in record time! Thanks to **volunteers**, it was quickly distributed throughout the city.

My grandfather, William Shortpaws, looked

A JOB FOR EVERY GROUP



I'll take care of
any transportation
needs!



I'll handle setting up
the communications
area!



I'll oversee all
medical care.



I'll bring the blankets
and sleeping bags.





I'll do the cooking!



If there's a difficult or dangerous job, I'm ready for it!



I'll be in charge of pawing out supplies!



We'll form a relay team to distribute the food.



If anyone needs to be bossed around, I'm available!



me in the eyes and said, “Good for you, grandson! I’m almost beginning to think I was right to **TRUST** you with the newspaper. . . . You’ve become a **real mouse!**”

A few hours later, a small **CROWD** had gathered outside **The Rodent’s Gazette**. I opened the window and saw rodents of all ages in all sorts of **bizarre** vehicles: a tractor trailer, a skateboard, a little red wagon. Everyone had brought something: blankets, food, medicine. It was an **amazing** display of friendship and solidarity.

We loaded the provisions and **supplies** onto the tractor trailer, and our group of fearless rodents was ready to take off for the northern coast of Mouse Island.

Grandfather William announced: “**I’LL GIVE THE ORDERS!**”

Thea, Trap, and I stared at one another in





dismay. Then we all started **SQUEAKING** at once.

“No, thank you, Grandfather, please, we don’t want to **bother** you!” I said.

“Grandfather, why don’t you stay here and **rest** instead?” Thea said. “We need someone to supervise operations at headquarters.”

But Grandfather **IGNORED** us. He scampered onto the bus that was leading the supply vehicles. Thea, Trap, Benjamin, Bruce, and I quickly scrambled in after him. Grandfather immediately began **BARKING** out commands. “OK, this is going to be a long trip, so let’s lay down some **RULES** here! The following are **STRICTLY PROHIBITED** on board this bus:

- **Squeaking loudly.**
- **Singing rock music.**
- **Sticking Cheesy Chews under your seat.**



- Picking your snout.
- Picking your neighbor's snout.

"Finally, I hope everyone brought a good **BOOK**! Let's start reading, and we'll each give an **oral report** at the end of the ride." With that, he pulled out a book and started reading.

Thea and I **LOOKED** at each other and shrugged.

"Did you bring a book?" she asked.

"No, I forgot —" I began.

But Grandfather cut me off. "Geronimo! What did I tell you about **squeaking loudly!**" He shook his snout sadly. "And just when I was thinking you were turning into a **REAL MOUSE!**"

It was a very **ooooooooong** trip.







UP TO MY WHISKERS IN MUD!

When we reached the northernmost part of Mouse Island, we saw there was a lot of **work** to do. The **MUDGY WATERS** of the river had **Risen** almost to the top of the banks. Towns were in danger of being flooded!

Something had to be done **IMMEDIATELY!**
But what? I didn't know where to start!





Bruce crossed his paws and gazed at me seriously. “**Assess, decide, and act!**”

I thought for a **SECOND** and knew what to do. “**Listen up, everyone!**” I called. All the rodents huddled around. “We need to reinforce the riverbanks. Let’s **concentrate** our resources on stopping the river from **SPILLING OVER**. Together, we can do it!”

There was a roar of approval. “*Yeeeees!*
We can do it!”

To keep the river in check, rodents filled





sacks with sand. Others used bulldozers to pile up masses of **ROCKS**, bundles of **WOOD**, and **tree trunks** by the side of the river.

Then we made a **rodent chain** to pass the **SAND** and **ROCKS** from paw to paw. We began to build a **BARRIER** along the river.

Soon we were up to our whiskers in mud. Though the rain had stopped, our clothes were **dripping wet**, and our paws were aching. But we were filled with **DETERMINATION**.

As we worked, I decided to sing my favorite song, "*I'm a Calm Mouse!*" Soon, a few other rodents around me joined in.

In no time, we were all singing. Together, we were truly **extraordinary** mice!

I caught Thea's eye. She winked at me and cried, "Friends together! Mice forever!"



RODENTS WITH BIG HEARTS!

As we were **singing**, a **ray** of sun peeked out of the clouds, and a breathtaking **RAINBOW** stretched across the sky.

We returned to our work with newfound energy. Soon we found that **WE HAD DONE IT!** We had stopped the waters of the river from rushing over the banks: The towns were **SAVED**!



There was a **lot** more to do, but the worst was over. It would take an entire book to tell you what all those rodents with **big hearts** did: They cleaned **MUD** from houses, they comforted children and the elderly, they made **HOT** meals and **cold** sandwiches, they spoke **gently and**



compassionately to mice who'd lost their homes. They were **AMAZING!**

I'll tell you one last thing.

I decided to record the song we all sang together, the song that gave us such **STRENGTH** and **COURAGE**. It was an enormous success!

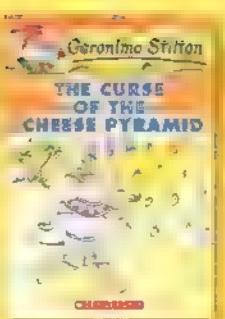
That's the **truth**, or my name isn't *Geronimo Stilton*!



**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



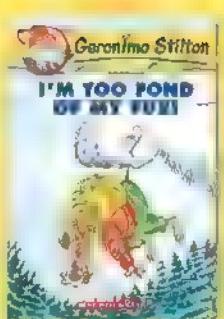
#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye



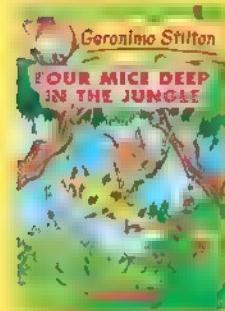
#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid



#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Furi



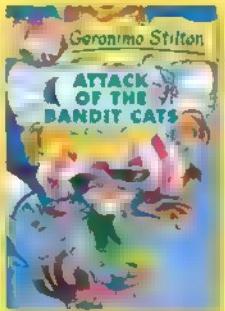
#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle



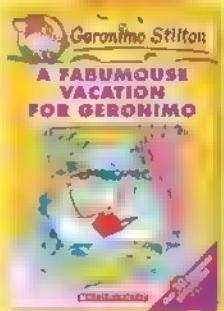
#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats



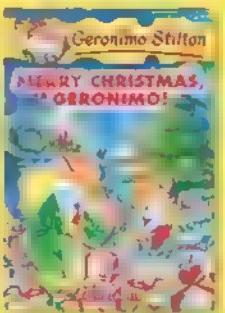
#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo



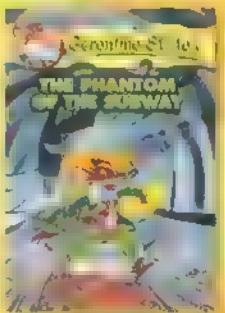
#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee



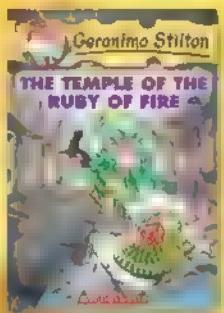
#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!



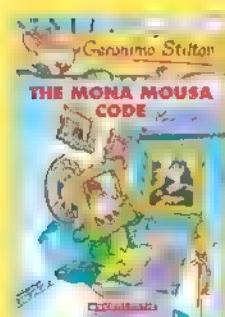
#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom
of the Subway



#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire



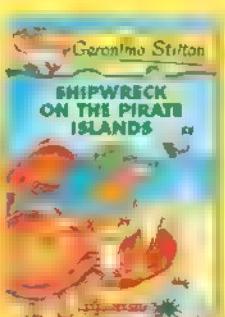
#15 The Mona
Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands



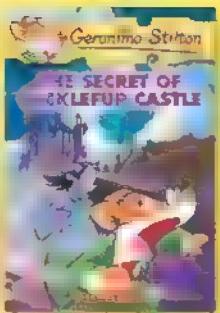
#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton



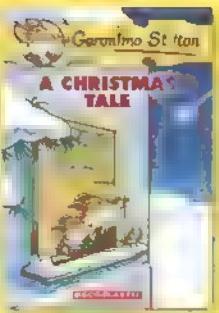
#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!



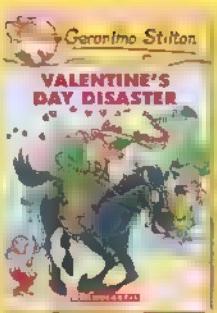
#21 The Wild,
Wild West



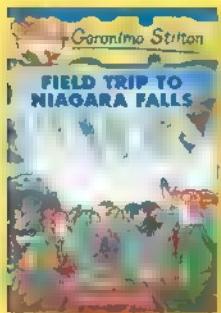
#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle



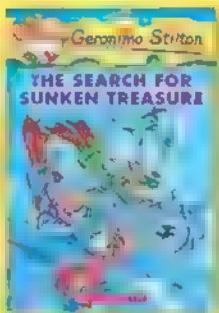
A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls



#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure



#26 The Mummy
with No Name



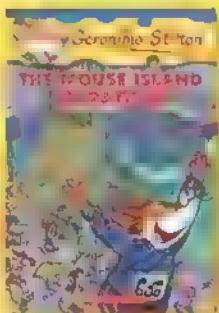
#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory



#28 Wedding
Crasher



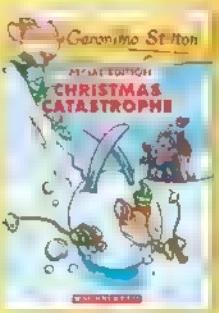
#29 Down and
Out Down Under



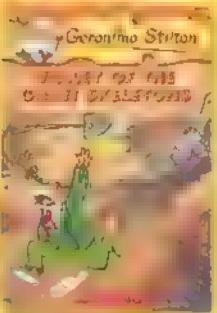
#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon



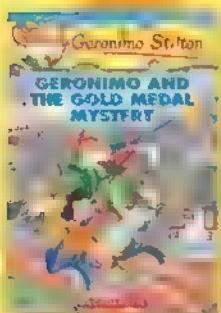
#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief



Christmas
Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent



#35 A Very Merry
Christmas



#36 Geronimo's
Valentine



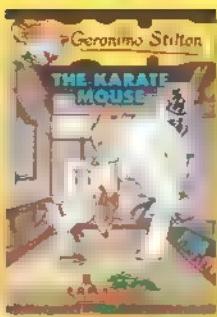
#37 The Race
Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



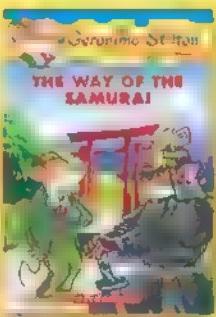
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



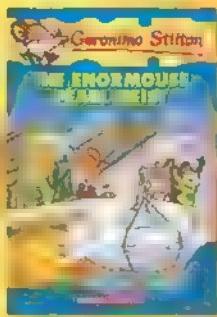
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



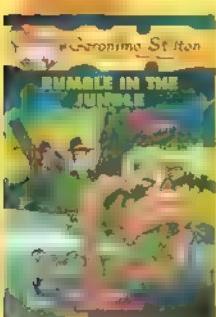
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



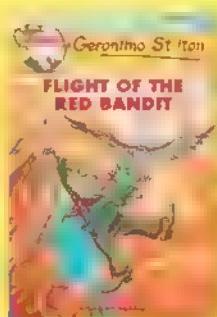
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book



**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris

Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



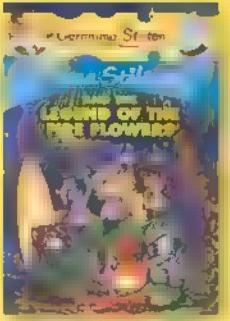
Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



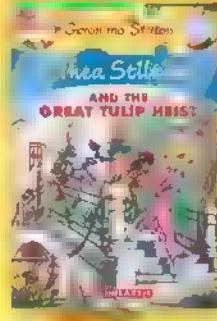
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den



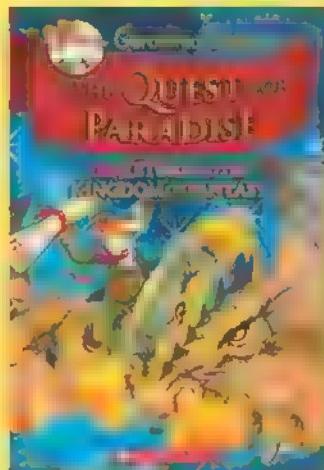
Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



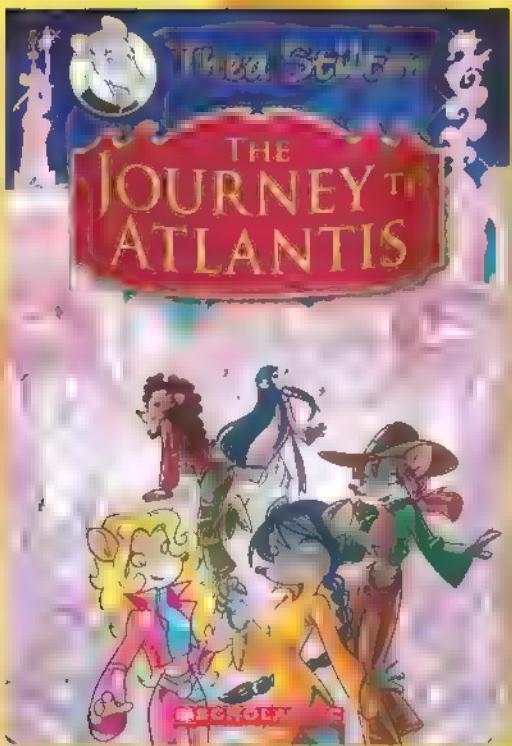
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



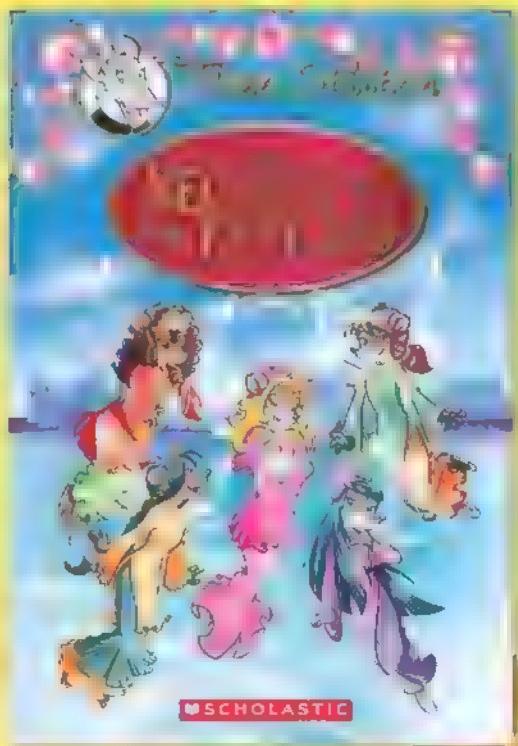
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing.** I'm a real **raidy** mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **fascinating.** I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **engaging**, **adventurous**, and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 Meet Me in
Ghostylvania



#2 Meet Me in
Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



#4 Return of the
Vampire

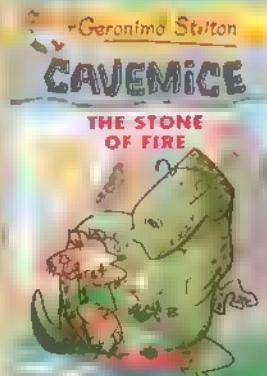
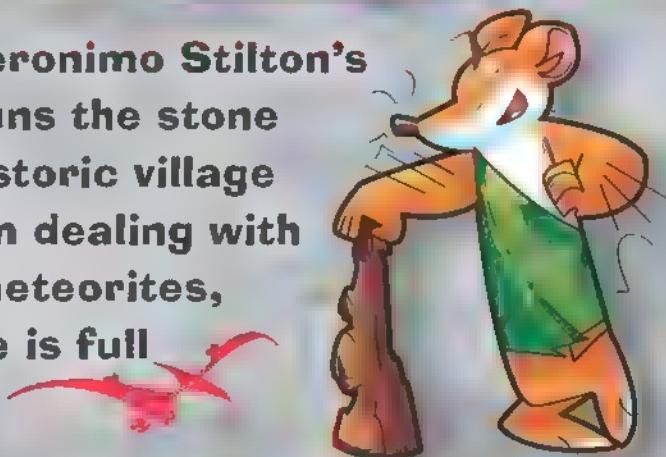


#5 Fright Night

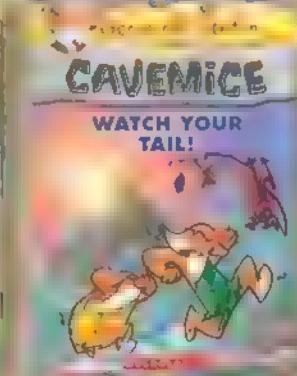


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



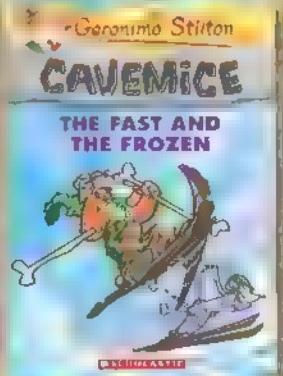
#1 The Stone
of Fire



#2 Watch Your
Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!

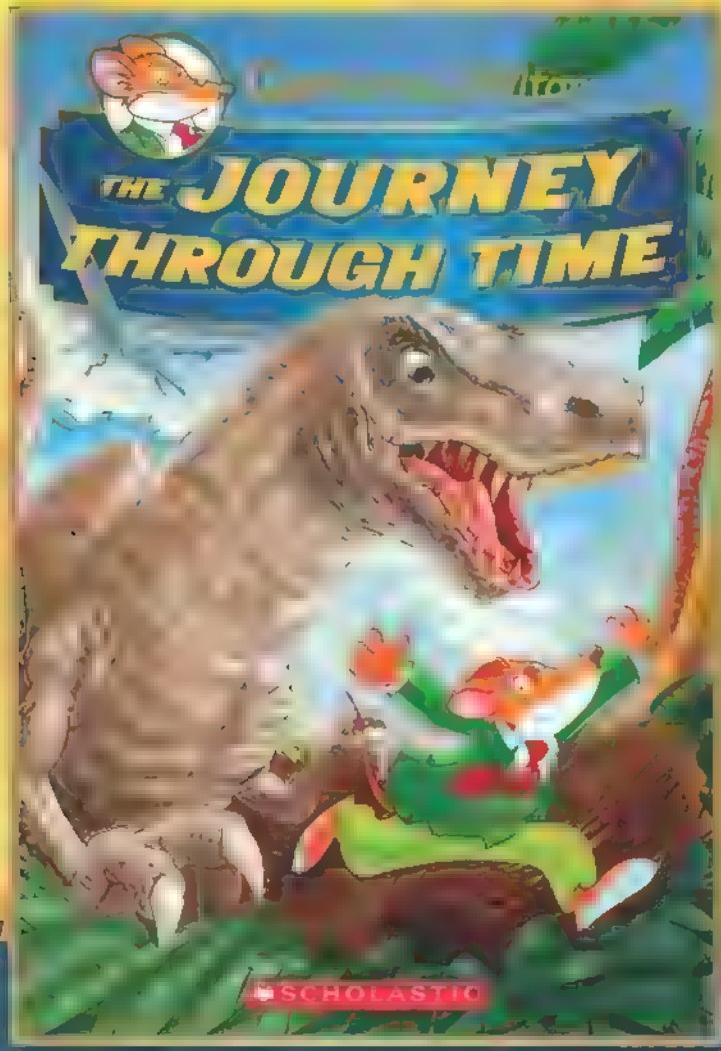


#4 The Fast and
the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

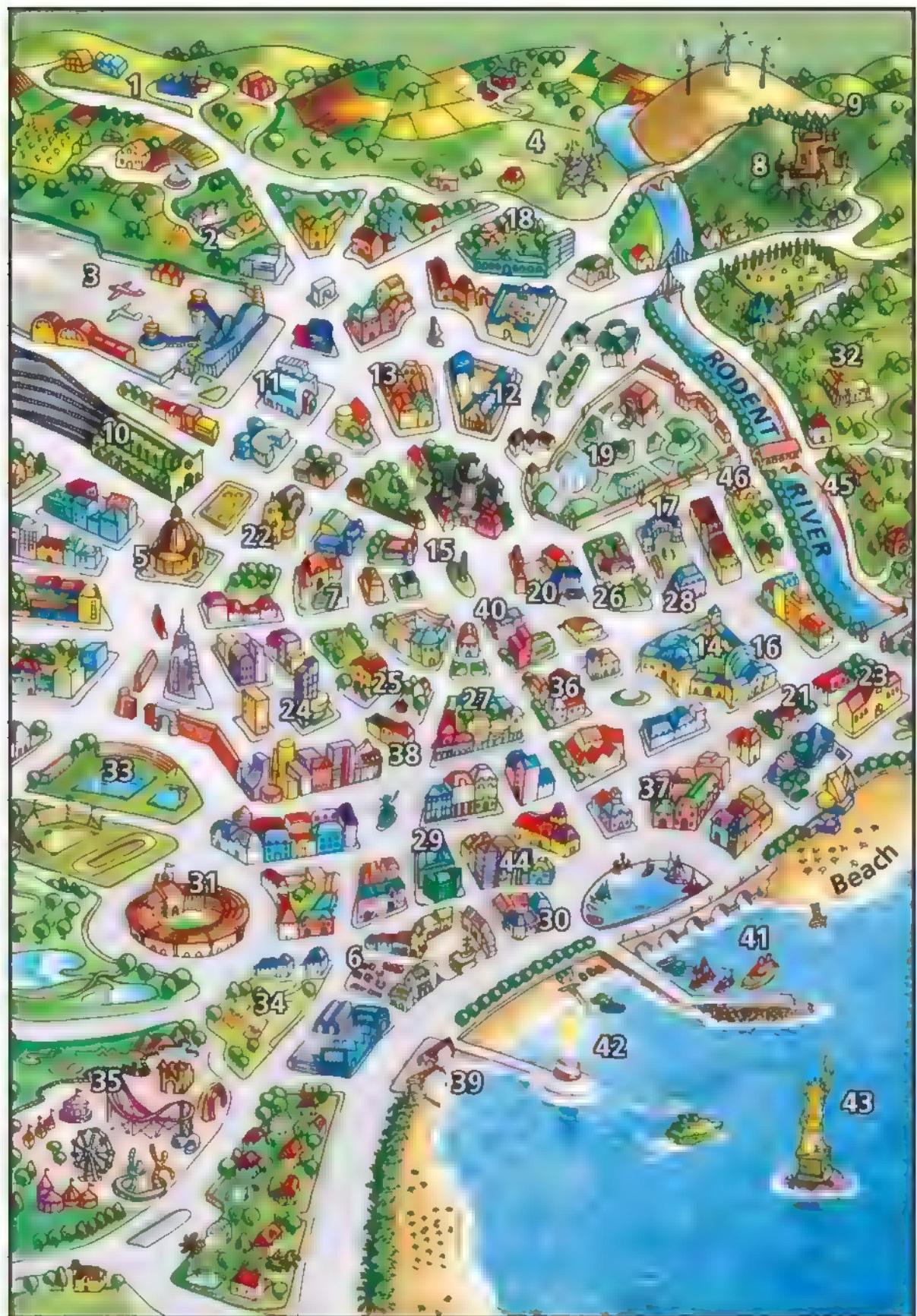
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less
(Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

Brigand's Isle



Tomcat Island



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean



Stray
Cat
Harbor



Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

This way to the Rodent Straits



Pirate Ship
of Cats



Blue Dolphin
Bay

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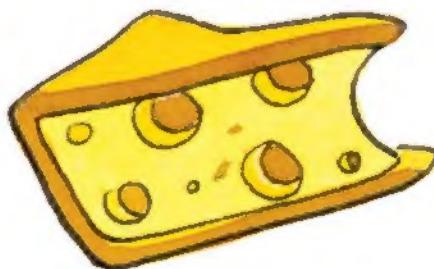
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Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant |
| 6. Transratania | Sequoia |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 29. Vole Vale |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 12. Dark Forest | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 34. Oasis of the |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | Sweaty Camel |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 19. Fossil Forest | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

I'M NOT A SUPERMOUSE!

Yes, it's true—I'm a total 'fraidy mouse and the biggest worryrat. In fact, I'm the complete opposite of my super-sporty and very brave friend Bruce Hyena. That's why I couldn't believe it when he dragged me off on a series of outrageous adventures to toughen me up. I had to keep reminding him that I'm not a supermouse! Or am I?

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